by the side of that hill, rose another much higher, and much steeper, on the top of which was the Overseer's Bungalow. It was ordered that I should carry water, from the pond down below, up that steep hill, to the Saheb's Bungalow on top. It was due perhaps to the sweet will and caprice of our European Over-lord, or might have been due to the eagerness of our Jamader to please his Saheb, that we had to do this almost superhuman feat; else there was no need at all for our levelling the already level court-yards, even though it meant such huge labour and under conditions so risky and dangerous to the lives of those employed; where there was every chance of some one slipping his foot every minute. The water that we had to carry each time, was also not a very small quantity, and 1 mean no joke, when I say that it amounted to some thing quite near a maund in weight, and had to be carried on our shoulders, filled in two kerosene oil tin canisters, suspended on a pole at both ends. Now my

readers can imagine what it meant to carry such a load up-hill, and such a very steep hill too.

This also I did, without a grudge; but my